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for Sammy by thefriendlymushroom

Series: [Stranger Things Imagines](#) [3]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: E.T. - Freeform, F/F, F/M, Gen, Hurt/Comfort, I cried writing this, I wrote this because I'm sad, M/M, Other, POV Second Person, death of dog, death of pet, pillow forts, rip Sammy ily

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Summary:

So we had to put my dog down the day before Thanksgiving, and I'm still torn up over it, so this was born. Essentially, Steve comforts reader after the death of their dog.

for Sammy

Author's Note:

So this is pretty much based off what happened during my experience of the death of my dog. Based off it as in, this is pretty much exactly what happened, minus Steve Harrington comforting me with a pillow nest and E.T. When he died, my dog was 13 and a half years old. I've had him since kindergarten and I don't remember life before him. So, as you can imagine, things have been rough lately. So I wrote this as a way to help myself feel better. Hope you enjoy.

You were trying to hold back the tears. You were sitting in the back of your mom's car, feeding your dog Sammy some bites of a hamburger you had picked up from some random fast food joint. Tears threatened to spill over when he only ate a few bites.

That wasn't like him.

But at thirteen and a half years old, your beloved dog hadn't been acting himself at all the past few months. His deterioration worsened exponentially the past few weeks. It was when he couldn't stand on his own anymore that your mom had decided it was time for a trip to the vet. She had tried to talk with you the night before, saying that there was a chance his time would come the following morning, but you couldn't listen to her. Instead, you held out hope—maybe the vet would say it's just arthritis, or maybe he would just need a round of medicine and he would get better—but that hope flew out the window, along with your breath and voice, the moment the vet started speaking.

“Yeah, I think our best course of action would be euthanasia,” he said. “We could run some test and try to keep him going, but that would be holding this out for just a few more weeks, maybe a few months, but not long. Doing this today would be the best, most comfortable option for him.” Your mom tearfully agreed. The vet began to explain the procedure, but your ears stopped listening.

You wanted to scream. You wanted to sob. You wanted to be selfish and keep your dog at your side, always, but you knew realistically... it was time. He had to be in so much pain...

You didn't remember much of the next hour. It was like your mind had checked out with grief. Without realizing it, you had ended up outside of Steve's door, tears trekking silently down your face.

"Hey, babe," Steve said as he opened the door. "What are you... doing...here?" He noticed your tears mid-sentence. "Kayla, what's wrong?"

You gasped for breath, struggled for words, but nothing coherent came out. "I—..., Sam—" Your sobs broke then and you curled in on yourself. Then your face was pressed into Steve's chest and the two of you sunk to the ground. You sat there, on Steve's doorstep, until you could breathe again. "You remember my dog Sammy?" You tried explaining again, your voice catching on his name. "We...we, uh...we had to put him down today. He was old. So, so old." You took in a deep breath, trying to stop the next round of sobs before they could start.

"Oh, Kayla," Steve sighed. You looked up at him and noticed he had tears in his eyes, too. He tried to wipe them away before you say, but he was too late. He sighed your name sympathetically again and kissed your forehead, before helping you stand up. He led you into the house and up the stairs to his bedroom. Along the way, he grabbed as many blankets and pillows as he could carry. You were confused until he started building a nest/fort out of all of them on his bed. When he was finished, he pointed to his creation, telling you, "In." You laughed softly at him, but complied. As you were getting settled, he placed a movie into the VCR.

You sighed when you realized what movie it was. "Steve? *E.T.*? *Really?* How is this supposed to make me feel better? You know I cry every time—"

"Shhhhhh," Steve replied as he climbed into the bed next to you. "Just watch the movie."

By the end of the movie, you were crying again, just as you knew you

would be. At the last scene, Steve turned your attention to him. In his best E.T. voice, and in time with the movie, he tapped your forehead saying, “*He’ll...be...right...here.*”

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